THE COLUMBIA SPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LITERARY REGISTER. [$1,50, PAYABLE AT SIX MONTHS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 48.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 939.

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Publisher.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

TERMS.—The COLUMBIA SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for $1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. ☞A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Blanks of every description Circulars, etc. etc., executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED takes this medium to informs his friends and the public that he has removed his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, to within one DOOR OF THE CORNER of LOCUST STREET, and having recovered his health so as to be able to attend to business would respectfully invite his customers to give him a call, feeling well assured from the liberal patronage that he has heretofore received, that he will be able to give satisfaction to all who may feel disposed to give him their work. He would not say that he is the only one in the place who can make good work, not wishing thus to puff himself to notice but would assure the public that work entrusted to him shall be executed in a neat fashionable and substantial manner. He keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings, which will be sold at very small advances.

J. W. FISHER.

N. B. I have a large stock of ready made CLOTHING which I will sell at prime cost J. W. F.

April 22, 1848.

REMOVAL.

THE Tailoring Establishment of B. Young has been moved upstairs in the Barbershop, opposite the Washington Hotel, at which place he may be found at all times, ready to do work in the neatest and best style for all who may give him a call, as he intends to devote his whole attention to dressing the community in the most perfect style of the day. Having received all the different reports, he flatters himself he is the only one in the place able to do so B. YOUNG.

P. S. He will at all times be prepared to give instructions in cutting garments to any of the trade, so much in rear that may disable them to come up to the age, and stands open against all publishers of systems for investigation. No more, but hope to get a spat.

B. YOUNG, of Columbia,
S. S. RATHVON, of Marietta.

Columbia, April 8, 1848.—tf

NDW STAND

AND NEW GOODS. The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and costomers that he has rented the New Store Room known as Haldeman's New Corner, being on the South West corner of Front and Locust Street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a good supply of

READY MADE CLOTHING, SHOES AND BOOTS,

and a general assortment of Family Groceries; together with Flour and other Meal; Oats, Corn, and Chop for horses. Also, Liquors of all kinds, including Wines and Cordials. All of which I pledge myself to sell as cheap for cash as possibly can be afforded. Please call and examine both the goods and prices.

N. B.—A dwelling and front shop adjoining, to rent on accommodating terms. Myself and Son would like to board with the family. ELIJAH BARRATT.

Columbia, March 25, 1848.—tf

MORE

BARGAINS. The subscribers have, during the past week, made a large addition to their former stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

which, for elegance and cheapness, cannot be surpassed. Among which is a very large assortment of PRINTS, at 4 cts, 6¼ cts, 8 cts, 10 cts, and 12½ cts per yard. DRESS GINGHAMS as low as 12½ cts, 19 cts, and 25 cts. Alpacas and Linens, Lustres. A general assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS,

Such as 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 10-4 Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Tickings, Checks, Crash, Linen and Cotton, Brown and Bleached, Table Diapers, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS.

Sup. Blue and Black French Cloths; sup. Blue, Black, Brown, and Olive English Cloths; Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, &c.

CHINA, Glass, and Queensware; Fresh Family Groceries, selected with very great care, among which are New Crop Sugars—Loaf, Pulverised and Crushed Sugars. Coffees, Spices, the Superior Teas of the New York Canton Tea Company, Oils, Fish, &c.

All of which they are determined to sell as low as the VERY LOWEST, for cash or country produce.

Thankful for past favors, they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon them. J. D. & J. WRIGHT.

Locust St., 2 doors below Second St.

Columbia, March 25, 1848—tf

FRESH

DRUG AND MEDICINES. The subscriber sincerely returns thanks for the very liberal encouragement he has received, and flatters himself that by strict attention to business, to continue to merit a share of public patronage. His stock of Drugs and Medicines is of the very best selection, and as complete as any in the place. His variety of goods in connection with the Drug Business is very extensive. The following list includes only a small part of his stock:—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES.

Paints and Oils, ready mixed Paints, Camphene or Fine Oil, Ethereal Oil, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Putty, Shop Furniture Bottles, Porter Bottles, Vials—a full assortment—Perfumery, Colognes, Florida Water, Bay Rum, Pomade Philocome, Beef Marrow, Antique Oil, Extracts for the Handkerchief, Toilet Powder, Pearl Powder, Hair Dyes, Depilatory Power, Pomade Devine, Highly Perfumed Soaps of every kind, Medicated Soaps, Jones's Chemical Italian, Haule's Nymph, Rousell's Circassian, Radway's Chinese &c. Hair Restoratives, Haule's cat Lustral, Jayne's Tonic, Jones's Coral, Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, Hair Curling Liquid, Robey's Mouth Aromas, Lip Salve, Handoline, &c.

STEEL BEADS, RINGS AND TASSELS,

Rings, Tassels, Clasps, Silk Twist, Steel Purses and Bags. Also, a general variety of other Purses, Crochet, Hooks, and Patern Books.

N. B.—The subscriber has also a large assortment of Comstock & Co's and Comstock & Tyler's Patent Medicines on hand which he obtained directly from the proprietors for CASH, which will enable him to sell them from 20 to 50 per cent. lower than their agents—warranted genuine. R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 25, 1848.—tf Front Street.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

WM. A. LEADER, WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGIST, would respectfully inform his numerous friends of Columbia and its vicinity that he has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a splendid assortment of all articles belonging to the DRUG BUSINESS, viz:

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, TOILETS, FANCY SOAPS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, &c., &c.

Together with a superior lot and style of HAIR and CLOTHE BRUSHES that took the Medal in the Mechanic's Institute of New York.

Also a constant supply of Camphene and Ethereal Oil Lamps, with a fresh and good Material to burn in them.

Country Merchants, Druggists, Physicians, Bakers, Store Keepers, Fullers, Dyers, and dealers in general will find it to their advantage to call at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Columbia, before purchasing elsewhere. WM. A. LEADER.

Columbia, March 25, 1848.—tf.

MILLER & CO.'S EXPRESS.

BY their own Cars in charge of messengers, and under locks, DAILY between Philadelphia, Lancaster, Columbia, Wrightsville, York, Gettysburg, Baltimore, Washington, South, West, North and East, by EVENING MAIL TRAINS.

M. & Co. are now prepared to forward in their Cars, Packages, Parcels, Bundles, light Cases, and all descriptions of goods and merchandize; also Specie, Bank Notes, Drafts, Bills for collection, orders, &c., to any of the above named places by passenger trains and mail speed. Being desirous of affording every facility for the prompt and economical transaction of any commission entrusted to them, they respectfully solicit the patronage of all to their line.

All goods or packages must be marked "By Miller & Co.'s Express." D. F. GRIFFITH, Agent,

Miller & Co.'s Express, Columbia.

OFFICES.—Corner of Third and Chestnut street, Philadelphia; Chas. Norman, Lancaster; H. Kauffelt, York; Museum Buildings, Baltimore; Gay & Co., cor. Wall and Broadway, N. Y.; Gay & Co., State st., Boston; Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va.; Wheeling, Va.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gettysburg, Pa. Nov. 6, 1847.—tf

JARS.

HALF Gallon Jars and Quart Beer Bottles just received and for sale by

Apl 22—tf WM. A. LEADER.

Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

TO MARY D.

Can I forget the sunny smile,
The rosy cheek and bright blue eye?
The laughing tones that did beguile,
My weary hours, when thou wert nigh?

Such charms as these could e'en suppress,
The sight that aches the heart at eve;
When man alone can know distress,
And feel the pang that sorrows give.

Ah! no, when I am far from thee,
Alone upon the trackless deep;
The spell that binds thee now to me,
Will cause the sorrowing heart to weep.

Tis cruel fate that bids us part,
And forces me this world to roam;
And causes me this bitter smart,
To leave thee and my sunny home.

Sweet recollections of the past,
Endearing ties of happier hours;
Will check the tears that follow fast,
When thoughts are thine in distant hours

Forget thee! no, the thought is vain,
Your image lives amidst the crowd;
It lives and moves in memory's train,
Though envy speaks in accents loud.

Then, fairest, cherish thoughts of me,
Of brighter days that since have fled;
Let love awaken *memory*,
And sigh for me, as of the dead.

Wrightsville, May 23, 1848. A. R. B.

Correspondence.

For the Columbia Spy.

MR. EDITOR:—As I was passing through our borough the other day, I overheard some very loud talking, and on going round a corner, observed two of my acquaintances on the opposite side of the street. One of them, Bill Hopper, was "laying it down on a high scale," and gesticulating in a violent manner. His arms were flying about like the fans of a wind-mill, and with such a variety of flourishes, that I had apprehensions for the safety of Joe Blueskin's physiognomy, who stood near to him and constituted his entire audience. Mr. Hopper I found, was declaring with all the indignation of an injured citizen against the tyranny and imposition of all governments in general, as well as our State, county and borough management in particular; and after delivering himself with sufficient expletives of a severe philippic against all supporters of any government at all, concluded most emphatically, that "he'd be d—d if he'd stand it any longer." Hollo! thinks I, here's a mess, a something that smacks of rank rebellion. The example of revolutionary Europe is not without its effect in staid Pennsylvania, and as a citizen of the United States disposed to the peace and good order of the same, it is my business at least, to see there is no overt act of treason. I crossed the street, and as I approached the worthies, I said, "why boys what's the matter, what's the use of so much [illegible] a waste of the raw material I think."

"Why (says Bill) I'll tell you Jack all about it. I am not to blame, but I do think I am imposed upon. I am but a poor man you know, yet I have my rights that I cannot surrender.

"Why said I, *who wants to injure you*. Every body knows you are poor, and I cannot think any one would hurt you."

"Now said he," look here, what I complain of is that I am taxed up to the eyes and more than I can bear. There seems to be no end to the taxes, a poor man must pay. There is a "State tax, a county tax, a borough tax, a school tax, a water tax, and ever so many taxes that eat up all a poor man can earn. I labor hard and try to make a living, but these outrageous taxes will not allow me to save a cent. As soon as I get a copper, there is a collector here to get it, just as if he smelled it, and I am determined not to put up with it any longer.

"Bill, said I," "tell how much your taxes amount to in a year." Then counting upon his fingers he said, "there's the State tax 75 cents, the county tax 75 cents, the borough tax $1 50, the school tax 75 cents, and the water tax $5, making all together $8; and that is entirely too much for a poor man with a wife and six children." "Well," said I, "I am sorry to hear you talk in this way. You can't object to paying your taxes. There is no remedy for you. You must pay taxes as well as other people if you want to live in this world. There is no getting rid of them. They are just as certain as death, and it is always best to pay them without grumbling, for that won't help you. But you have no cause for complaint, and if your taxes were double what you state them to be, you ought to be ashamed to say a word about them."

"Why so, Mr. Fustian" said he. "I will tell you" said I, "but do not be displeased, for I shall tell you some truths that may be of advantage to you."—"Well go on" said he, "I will keep cool and listen." "From what I know of you Bill, I believe that if there was a necessity for soldiers to go to Mexico to defend your country, you would drop your tools, leave your family and march like other good men whose patriotism would not permit them to remain at home; and from what I heard from some of your neighbors, I think about six or nine months ago you had a notion to go. I believe too, that you would not hesitate to make any proper sacrifice for the benefit of good old Pennsylvania, your native State, if it were necessary. Am I right in this?

"Yes," said he, "as a citizen of the United States and of Pennsylvania, I am at all times disposed to do my duty." "Well then," said I, "this State tax is imposed for the benefit of the State, and is applied towards paying the expenses of the government, and the interest of the State debt. As the State is in debt forty millions of dollars, expended for improvements for the benefit of all her citizens, is it asking too much, if she calls upon all to contribute a mite, that the interest may be paid and the debt gradually reduced; and who ought to pay this debt and interest and the expenses of the government, but the people who enjoy the benefits arising therefrom? Besides, recollect, that for the payment of this 75 cts. annual State tax you have the inestimable privilege of voting; and if you were willing to risk your life in Mexico for your country why hesitate to contribute a few cents or a few dollars when your own State is in need?

"Well," said he, "as for the State tax, that may do, because I think we ought to help the government, and for such a sum as that I would not like to lose my vote."

"Your *County* tax," said I, "is levied for the purpose of supporting the affairs of the county. You must have courts and jurics to protect your properly and your rights. You must have a poor-house to provide for the unfortunate and helpless—a jail to secure and punish the vicious—bridges and roads to enable you to travel from one part to another, and all these with other necessaries cost money that must be raised from among those who are benefitted by them. The payment of a county tax also confers the right to vote, and I am sure you would not part with that right nor all these benefits for double the amount of your tax. Now answer me, would you."

"No," said he, "I would not, and I suppose the County tax may be well enough, for I did not think of the money being applied to such uses."

"As to the Borough tax, you know that is to defray the expenses of the borough. We must have a town hall, a market house, a town council, good streets, good alleys and pavements. Every body knows the importance of these. We cannot do without them, and they will cost money which as a matter of course must be paid by the citizens. You are one of them, and I am pretty sure that if your name had not been inserted on the list as a tax payer you would have been offended. You are not so unreasonable as to wish to enjoy all the benefits and privileges that your neighbors do, without contributing in common with them a portion of the expense. You would not want to throw upon your fellow citizens all the expense of all the comforts that you and they enjoy, and you must admit we have many, that persons who live out of town have not."

"The Borough tax," said Bill, "may be well enough, but I think it is high enough too, for it is double what it used to be."

"That is true," said I, "but recollect, the borough some years ago got into debt about $5000 or more for necessary improvements and the citizens have thought it best to double the tax and have it paid off which will be done now in two or three years; and our comforts as citizens can be increased by additional improvements."

"Yes, and additional taxes too," said Bill.

"I do not think you ought to complain of this tax, for as citizens we have comforts that farmers and others out of town have not, and would gladly have at any reasonable expense."

"Well," said bill, "I believe you are right, but go on."

"The School tax," said I, "you will certainly not complain of, when you have six children receiving the benefits of the common school system for the sum of 75 cts. annually. "Do you object to this? "No," said he, "I will not and do not. All who send children to school ought to pay, as I know many persons who have to pay a School tax have no children to send, and we who have the advantages ought to pay without scruple."

"The last tax you complain of," said I, "is the Water tax."

"And the highest," said he.

"The water company you know Bill, have been at great expense, as well as great trouble, in bringing the water into town, and as good water is one of the positive necessaries of life, you would not think it unreasonable to pay in common with others for that. Look about you and see how many no better off than you are pay the tax without a word. Without water you could not exist. The pumps in town will not afford a sufficient supply, and if they did, your women would have to spend one half of their time in carrying it, and you would always be under the necessity of running to the pump when you wanted a drink. Now you can have it in your house. The only misfortune about it is, that sometimes the supply is short, but that cannot be helped, for in dry weather the springs will fail."

"Well," said Bill, "taking all things in that light, I don't know but that I was a little too fast. I never knew before how the [illegible] always thought it went into the office-holders pockets and enriched them, while little or no good came of it. If that is the way the taxes are disposed of I don't know that a man ought to object so much to pay them."

"Now Bill, as you are in a better humor than when I met you, let me tell you that you forgot to mention one tax that you pay without any scruple."

"I don't know what that can be," said he.

"I'll tell you then. It is the rum tax. If you would quit paying that, your other taxes would be no great trouble to you. I know that you spend at least twelve and-one half cents a day for liquor, which makes eighty-seven and one-half cents a week, and $45,50 a year, a sum more than enough to pay your rent, or to buy your flour. You call yourself a moderate drinker too, but drink up that amount without deriving any benefit in any one way, for it is not necessary for your health, comfort or advantage, and only makes you that much poorer at the end of the year."

"You complain of being a poor man. Now I say you have no right to complain of being so, as long as you throw away so much money. That you are poor is a fact, and while you spend so much for whiskey you will remain so. If, however, you will spend on this way, you ought to think yourself rich, for the richest men of the borough do not think themselves rich enough in money or health to spend half the amount, or any amount at all for drinking purposes. You have no right to say you are poor, because you know it is this unnecessary expenditure makes you so, and it is a matter of choice with you whether you will continue so, or whether by saving this $45,50 annually, you will lay up something that may be the commencement of a fortune and the foundation of comfort and happiness to yourself and family as you grow older."

"You complain of paying taxes for the many civil rights you possess in common with your fellow citizens, who pay their taxes without a murmur, and yet you voluntarily tax yourself every year $45,50 to buy liquor, which only tends to destroy your health and capability for work. Only a few nights ago, you complained you had not the means to buy your wife a calico dress, and I know that in less than 24 hours afterwards you swallowed 25 cts. worth of liquor. Now suppose, that your wife would do as you do, and she has just as good a right to drink as you have. Suppose that she would spend her 87½ cts. a week for liquor, what would you say or do? You would ask for a divorce, and say that you could not live with a drunken woman. If it would be wrong for her to drink, is it right for you? You are bound to provide for her and your children. With all your labor you can earn about $1 a day, and yet out of this small amount you can find it in your heart to abstract $45,50 to spend for liquor, which you daily guzzle down, and of which neither you, your wife nor children are any thing the better, but much worse. Look at yourself. You will pretend that you were made after God's own image, and that you conduct yourself as a good citizen ought to. Behold your swelled face, your red eyes, your trembling hands, your rags and filth. Look into the glass and think upon the cause of all these things and then say whether you have a right to complain of your taxes. Think of what you have already squandered for liquor, and of the privations of your wife and children for the want of the money thus squandered. Think of the comforts this money would have conferred upon you all and then decide, whether it is best to continue in those habits or to become a sober man; whether it is best to cling to the liquor and enrich the liquor seller by squandering your money, or to protect and make yourself and family comfortable by applying it to proper uses."

I was going it pretty strong and found myself getting warm, when Bill said, "now stop Mr. Fustian, you have had a good deal to say, but I think you are laying it on rather thick. I think you had better keep your temper too. I am free to acknowledge the truth of what you say. There is no reason why a man should drink liquor, and Joe Blueskin here knows that I told him I was determined to quit all kinds and join the Sonnies as soon as they would permit me. I am not in liquor now, altho' you think so, and I hope to prove to you and all others that I can be a sober man too if I wish."

"Then," said I, "Bill, if those are your sentiments give us your hand. You will always find a friend in me. The Sonnies will receive you without any trouble, and I will take upon myself to raise the funds necessary for your admission. I can easily collect it among the temperance men who are always glad to contribute if they find a man disposed to do right."

"And now Bill, I want to tell you a few things more. You know I used to drink just as much liquor as you do, and I had to make a great struggle to quit it, but I resolved upon it and succeeded. I feel confident now I shall never taste a drop on any account or for any purpose, in sickness or health, and I would beg leave to caution you against pretended friends who will tell you, you ought not to break off at once, but gradually. Those who will argue this way with you, only wish you to violate your pledge and get you back to your old habits, that they may laugh over you and the temperance men. Those who do this are either fond of liquor themselves or are dealers in the article—and perhaps both, but pay them no attention, for if you do you are a gone sucker, and all the pledges in the world wont save you."

"I will show you by an array of facts why the liquor dealer will so affectionately coax you to drink, and facts are always convincing. My neighbor the storekeeper says that whiskey is bought at 23 cts. a gallon, which makes a barrel of 33 gallons cost $7,59. This is retailed at 3 cts. a drink or the half gill. As there are 64 half gills in a gallon, the retailer receives $1,92 a gallon for what cost him 23 cents, and for a whole barrel which cost him $7,59 he receives $63,36. It may not be that a barrel will actually nett this amount, because very often twelve and-a-half cts. will buy five drinks with the landlord in, instead of four drinks or four half gills when the landlord is not in, and the landlords liquor is therefore to be deducted from the amount sold, but I may safely say that a barrel really sells for $55 by retail, giving a clear profit of $47,41 on $7,59 invested. I think the profits are too exorbitant if the traffic was even a good one, for no one else engaged in a fair business can realize so much on so little capital. I used to be a pretty constant attendant at the bar and made for a time pretty much a whiskey-filter of myself, but on making this calculation of the seller's profits, I resolved, that my money should not be converted into whiskey, and drank by myself for the special benefit of the liquor dealer, but into bread, meat and clothing for the benefit of myself and family. Who has a better right, Bill to our money than ourselves? You and I have to earn it, and why should not we and our families enjoy it together? Is there any reason we should give it to the liquor dealer and enrich him who clears 800 per cent. on his money invested, and what do we get for it that is of benefit to us or any body else, while we ruin ourselves by drinking it. I can't see that we get any thing."

"I am told, too, that some of the retailers are disposed of [illegible] and as the consumers are chiefly poor men like you and myself, I have learned to know why the retailers can live, dress, and look so well and genteel, while we poor whiskey drinkers are kept hard at work all the year round to earn money for them, that they may buy more liquor at 23 cts. a gallon and sell it to us at $1,92. That game I dont stand any longer, and as you are determined not to stand it either, I hope to see your name off the drunkards list and placed as high as possible among the water drinkers. The retailers can build and occupy fine houses, elegantly furnished, ride in elegant carriages, drive fast horses and have all the ease, leisure and comforts of gentlemen of wealth and respectability in society, while we poor devils who make them so, have to huddle together like martins in a box, or rent and live in poor mean houses at a rent of from $30 to $40 or $50 a year, with little or no furniture and few or no comforts. When we ride we go upon Shank's mare. If we want an airing in a carriage we find it in the Irishman's sulkey, called a wheel-barrow, and when we are hungry, must get bread and meat as we can, for our money is gone for liquor. Thus you see, there is a very important distinction between the retailer and the consumer of liquor, and who has made it? I answer, the consumers themselves, for if they did not drink they would not buy and the others could not sell. They enrich and build up the fortunes of the retailers and forge their own fetters. How strange, how lamentable, and yet how true it is? What better is the retailer than the consumer? Not a jot, except that the one has the means acquired by the other who has nothing. The one has the gold earned by the sweat and muscle of the other who in return has received nothing but whiskey, and is ashamed to acknowledge that he made so poor a bargain, and the money thus acquired makes the retailer a man of fashion, consequence and pride, while the poor consumer realizes the drunkard's hard fare, lot and end, which is nothing more nor less than ruin, misery and death."

"What a fool and a madman the drunkard is, and yet how many do we daily see bearing evidences of this title? He makes himself the servant and slave of the retailer, and converts for him his whiskey into money at 800 per cent. profit, to the sacrifice of himself and family. On every gallon he drinks he pays a tax of $1,69 to the seller for ruining him; and abstracts that and more from his own pocket. Drunkards are always the losers and never the gainers, while with the seller it is always gain. "Heads I win, tails you lose," or all gain and no loss is the principle of the traffic, and when at last, Bill, death overtakes us, no marble monuments are erected over our remains, no eloquently penned obituary notices fill the papers, no large funeral trains follow us to the grave, no splendid mahogany coffins contain our bodies, no preachers attend to eulogize us, no show or parade is made about us as we always see done, when some of the respectable and fashionable liquor dealers "die in the midst of their usefulness." Instead of this, we are buried at the expense of the county, or by contract and in the cheapest manner possible, for we are poor drunkards and better out of the world than in it, or perhaps one or two clever neighbors in sympathy for our families go about and collect a few quarters to purchase a box of rough boards have us buried quietly and attended to the grave by a distressed and destitute wife and family of children, and perhaps a faithful but half starved dog. Now what sense or reason is there in pursuing a course of conduct that must and will have such an end? I say to you Bill, it is better that you and I keep ourselves sober, save our money, protect ourselves and our families and live as respectably as we can. Those who choose to drink and will drink have the beaten track before them. They know it, and if they will persist in it we cant help it.

JACK FUSTIAN.

The Spaniards have a wise saying—"At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal at thirty; to anybody that will have her.

Miscellaneous.

A SCENE AT SEA.

The war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation amongst our people in India, particularly those who had cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but, as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience, I could never believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post——not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers, and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed, somehow or other, daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish as they skimmed over the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife, with one plunge, into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white was stained with his blood. With an effort, Charles turned toward her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and, as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse into the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin and taken summary vengeance, but the sounds by their commanders presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried, in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I, therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining each side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant, I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head, and stepped on the quarter deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the Line: the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat: the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water, I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions, the pilot fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course——as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the Line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us: at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe—a closer fellowship with its Creator—than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and, consequently, stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse, then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim—and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, was not the case: and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper, which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold court-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced, which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit, I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment, I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings, and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial service were read by the chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together.

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment—there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course, strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say, that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far from the tragic scene.

THE NEAREST ROAD TO CHINA.—In the report of Mr. King upon steam communication with China, the nearest route to China is considered, and the conclusions of Lieut. Maury, formed upon well known scientific principles, are given as settling the question. The idea almost universally has been that to communicate advantageously with the west coast of this continent, it would be necessary to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus, and thence proceed by way of the Sandwich Islands to Canton. Lieut. Maury shows conclusively, however, that the distance across the Pacific on this line is almost twice as long as it is to go northerly on a great circle in conformity to the figure of the earth, and cross from one continent to the other where the degrees of longitude converge towards the pole, and are not much more than half [illegible] placed on a globe at Panama, draw it tight with the other end at Shanghae, it will cross the isthmus diagonally, pass up the Gulf of Mexico, and through Lousiana to the west of the Mississippi river, and decribing a circle, will pass to the south of Columbia river, and crossing the Pacific will, in its greatest northerly inclination, touch along the chain of Aleutain or Fox Islands, and as it approaches Japan and China, pass the straits of Sanger, between the islands of Niphon or Japan and Jesso, and through the sea of Japan, passing near to Quelpart's island—which has been taken possession of by the English—and terminate at Shanghae. This line explodes the idea of a ship canal across the isthmus, and establishes beyond controverey, the great necessity and importance of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean.

THE HUSBANDMAN.—It has been ver y truly remarked that the farmer is necessarily a philanthropist. The grand object of his efforts is not only the supplying of his own wants, but he labors with a constant desire to render the world better and more beautiful than he found it, and to add to the stock, as much as in him lies, of human comforts.—It would be happy for us, and for the society at large, were the number of these more numerous.—"We consider agriculture," says a noted author, "as every way subsidary, not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals, and ultimately to religion." We regard the farmer, stripped to his employment, and cultivating his lands, as belonging to the first order of Naturo's noblemen; we wish him bountiful harvests, and invoke upon him the blessings of God in all his undertakings.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—When Dick Ataxz first crossed the into York State from the Cannada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting-maid sat at the table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the *servant*, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called *help*. Very well; next morning, the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of "Help! help! water! water! help!" In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. "I'm very much obliged to ye, to be sure," said Dick, "but here is more water than I want to shave with!" "Shave with!" quoth mine host, "you called "help! and "water!" and we thought the house was on fire." "Ye told me to call the servant 'help,' and do you think I would cry water when I meant fire." "Give it up," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

I'LL TAKE THE LOT.—Our friend Burgess, of the well known house of Burgess, Stringer & Co., tells a capital anecdote of himself, which should not be privately 'hushed up.' He is a member of the Methodist Church, and being at a camp-meeting near Sing Sing, last summer, he had the misfortune, after two or three days' and nights' attendance, to fall asleep in the midst of a powerful sermon. It was just after the New York Trade-Sale of books, and Mr. Burgess was dreaming thereof: and to the searching questionings of the speaker—'Will you longer delay?—will you not choose to-day whom you are to serve?—what course you are to take?' 'Take the lot—the balance to Burgess, Stringer, & Co.!' exclaimed Burgess eagerly, as he awoke and stared wildly around him, when he saw everybody staring still more wildly at him, and the minister himself petrified with amazement.—*Knickerbocker.*

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—There are fifty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-four acres of land unoccupied and unenclosed in the New Forest, Hampshire. All that is kept there is three thousand five hundred and fifty-two deer, and "the produce of timber for public purposes" is returned as "nil." Is not this hideous folly? This land would sell for more than a million and a half, and employ ten thousand men yearly in agriculture. The surveyor and deputy-surveyors have received in salaries £5,500 for selling £2,032 of land.